



Music At Noon Student Recital Series

Monday, March 22, 2004 at 12:10 pm

Program

Sonata in C-Sharp Minor "Moonlight", Op. 27 No. 2 (1801)
Presto Agitato

Ludwig van Beethoven
(1770-1827)

Stephanie Wong, piano

Chaconne from Partita No. 2 in D Minor, BWV 1004 (Ca. 1720)

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

Joel Delaney, Guitar

Bachianas Brasileiras (1938-45)

Heitor Villa-Lobos
(1887-1959)

7 canciones populares españolas (1914)

Manuel de Falla
(1876-1946)

El paño moruno
Seguidilla murciana
Asturiana
Nana
Cancion

**Erika Vogel, voice
Joel Delaney, guitar**

Quatre Poèmes de Guillaume Apollinaire (1931)

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

1. L' Anquille
2. Carte Postale
3. Avant le Cinéma
4. 1904

**Lindsey Sikora, voice
Katya Yuschenko, piano**

Translations

El Pano Moruno

On the fine cloth, in the store
A stain set in
For a lower price it is sold
Because it has lost its value

Seguidilla Murciana

He whose roof is made of glass

Should not throw rocks at his
neighbor's
Muleteers are we
Perhaps on the road
We shall meet!

Because of your great
inconsistency

I compare you

I compare you to a coin that passes
From hand to hand

That at last is worn off
And believing it is false
No one will take it!

Asturiana

To see if it would console me,
Tie me up to a green pine
To see if it would console me
Upon seeing me cry, it cried
The pine tree, as it was green
Upon seeing me cry, it cried

Nana

Go to sleep child, sleep
Sleep my precious
Go to sleep little light
IN the morning, nanita, nana nanita,
nana
Go to sleep little light
In the morning...

Cancion

Because they are traitors, your eyes,
I'm going to bury them;
You don't know what it cost
"In the air!"
Dear to see them,
"Mother, on the edge,"
Dear to see them
"Mother,"
They say you don't love me
And me you have loved...
Away with what was won,
"In the air!"

Bachianas Brasileiras

Lo, at midnight clouds are slowly passing,
rosy and lustrous
O'er the spacious heav'n with loveliness
laden
From the boundless deep the moon arises
wondrous
Glorifying the evening like a beauteous
maiden
Now she adorns herself in unconcious
duty
Eager, anxious that we recognize her
beauty
While sky and earth, yea, all nature with
applause salute her

All the birds have ceased their sad and
mournful complaining:

Now appears on the sea in a silver
reflection

Moonlight, softly waking the soul
and constraining hearts to cruel tears and
bitter dejection

Lo, at midnight clouds are slowly passing,
Rosy and lustrous
O'er the spacious heavens dreamily
wondrous

